

# WHIG CREED.

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**THE MAILS.**—The mail failed this morning beyond Yazoo City, and thus we are without news from the cotton market, and have no farther intelligence about the Oregon question, or any of the various exciting subjects now before the public.

## THE WHIG PARTY—AND LOCOFOCOISM.

The ultimate success of the Whig party is becoming more apparent as "time wags on." Day after day, fresh proofs are given that the present position of the Polk party is one that they cannot long occupy. This is no boast—there is no election pending or at hand to be influenced, by assertions of our strength, but it is spoken in confident reliance upon the well known operation of certain causes, and it is spoken as our firm belief. Pennsylvania, without whose aid Mr. Polk could not have been elected, will demand that the pledges of Mr. Polk's friends shall be redeemed, and the tariff of 1842 remain unchanged, for they voted for Mr. P. while carrying banners on which were inscribed, "POLK, DALLAS, AND THE TARIFF OF 1842." South Carolina gave him her vote shouting "Free Trade and the repeal of the tariff of 1842," and she had Mr. Polk's assurance, that his free trade notions of '39 were unchanged. She, too, will demand that he prove no traitor to them, let him act as he may to his tariff friends.

A Democratic journal in Mo. has admitted that it cannot be doubted that a majority of the citizens of that State are in favor of Whig measures. The inference is that they have been deluded into the support of the mis-styled Democracy. A Boston journal of the Locofoco stamp says—"Already is defeat written on our front; our party does not contain within itself the elements of permanent success," &c.

The people have been induced, by hard swearing of office-seekers, and those in their pay, to believe that the issues the party issues before them, all resolve themselves into the one question of Federalism or Democracy, which they have been taught to believe is synonymous, with a government by the people, or by a few Whig aristocrats, and they have acted and voted upon this opinion; as if it were a question in this day with any sensible man of either party, whether the people should govern themselves? This looks ridiculous on paper, but we all know it is too true, that the people have thus been wrought upon. In the minds of hundreds and thousands of the voters in the community, the Whigs are regarded as the aristocratic opponents of the "yeomanry" of the country—as those who are seeking to oppress the poor and exalt the rich. Out upon the false-tongued demagogue that thus attempts to play upon the passions of his more ignorant, but more honest fellow citizens, for his own advancement. This hollow-hearted game however, of Locofoco leaders, is beginning to be understood by the people, and just so sure as "truth will prevail," so surely is the falsehood of this course doomed to exposure, and its advocates to their merited downfall. The quarrels of hungry Democratic office-seekers, since Mr. Polk's election, have shown to the people that the triumph of Democracy in this government, is sought more for the advancement of a few individuals than for the general good.

**A HARD THING TO BE KICKED WITH.**—A sailor in Boston sued his captain for kicking him with a wooden leg. The court decided that a wooden leg is not a leg—itimate weapon of offence. The owner of the wooden leg made a stump speech on the occasion, which showed a want of understanding.

**CALIFORNIA.**—Albert M. Gillman, U. S. consul at California, is of the opinion that the government of California must soon fall into the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race, and that a railroad, direct from San Francisco, either to New Orleans or some point on Red River, might be made to great advantage.

**THE SNOW!—THE SNOW!**—On Sunday morning last, our eyes were greeted by as white a covering for dame Nature, as the most enthusiastic lover of skates and sleighs could desire—snow three inches deep, and a fine prospect for more, which was realized on Sunday night. It was difficult to imagine that we had not changed our locality. A "jumper" came whizzing by us, the horse in full speed, and snow-balls flying thick and fast from the hands of grown-up 'urchins,' and all things, indeed, about us, shewed forth the hilarity and fun of a jolly snow-storm.

We love a snow storm—a sleigh-ride, and have no fellow-feeling for the man that cannot appreciate them. What though 'tis cold, and frost and ice have locked up the earth, the blood flows more freely, and the red glow of a cheerful fire, is ruddier, brighter, and far more cheerful and mirth-making for the voice of the storm without.

The snow has nearly disappeared now, however, and the earth has its usual winter garb in this country of mud ankle deep.

**THE MORMONS.**—The last number of the Nauvoo Neighbor contains a direction for the Saints to follow in making arrangements for their California expedition. It complains of a violation of the articles of agreement between the Mormons and their enemies, by which it was agreed that no vexatious lawsuits should be commenced on either side. It says that news has been received at Nauvoo, of the burning of several houses in the Southern part of that county.

We have seen several queries going the rounds of the newspapers—such as "Who struck Billy Patterson?" "Will salt-petre explode?" &c., to which was added, "Who is Representative elect from Florida?" We rejoice to be able to settle this question definitely. The subjoined article from the Vicksburg Whig will satisfy any ordinary man:

**FLORIDA ALL SAFE.**—A letter from Tallahassee, received in town yesterday, announces the fact that Cabell, Whig member elect, has gone to Washington with his certificate of election, and that Brockenbrough, in all probability, will not venture to contest his seat. Should this be done, however, and the question sent back to the people, Cabell, who is a young man of splendid abilities, and exceedingly popular, one of the best stump orators in the State, will be certain of succeeding by at least five hundred majority. So we put Florida down as Whig beyond a peradventure, and the present victory as a most glorious result. Three times three, then for Cabell and the gallant Whigs of the new Southern State!—Whigs of Louisiana, do you hear that!—Tropic.

At the end of 30 days after the election, the times fixed by law for all the returns to be made to the Secretary of State, Mr. Cabell having a majority, the Governor offered him a certificate of his election, but as rumor gave the majority in the counties to be heard from to his opponent, he like an honorable man refused to receive it, but after the 18th ult., (being 7 days after the expiration of the 30.) upon the assurance of the Secretary of State, that the other counties did not affect the result, accepted the commission and left for Washington, after having given a proper statement of these facts to the public, and we scarcely suppose that Brockenbrough will contest the seat, and if he does, and a Locofoco Congress should send them back to the people, Cabell will certainly triumph again.

Thus the seal of condemnation has been put upon the convention system in the new State of Florida, and we hope that the New York tactics or this mode of governing and dictating to the people, by a few, will never dare again to raise its head in that young and flourishing State. Nothing but the dictation of a convention aided by the personal popularity of Cabell, defeated Brockenbrough, who is really a talented man.

**FRIENDLY.**—A letter from Vera Cruz, of the 28th ult. received at New Orleans, says that an American sloop-of-war was going out from Sacrificios, in company with an English ship, and as she was passing the channel off the island of Pajaro, she got aground. All the men-of-war in port sent their boats and men to help her out. A large boat, well manned, from the Mexican vessels, was among them. The men worked with right good will to get her off, and succeeded. The steamer Montezuma was ordered out to her assistance, but the sloop-of-war got off before the steamer was ready.

"How do you like Shakspeare?" said a blue stocking young lady to an old river captain. "Don't like her at all, Madam—she burns too much wood, and carries too little freight."

## CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

We give below extracts from an interesting sketch of one of the Hon. Caleb Cushing's lectures, on the subject of China:

"To an European or an American, said the lecturer, just landed in China, every thing appears strange. He finds himself not only at the antipodes, physically speaking, but at the antipodes in a moral sense. He sees around him countless myriads of men in a strange garb, and with a general appearance unlike to all that to which he has heretofore been accustomed. He observes the most studied uniformity among the various classes, and the progress of every thing which falls under his observation so slow and so unvaried, strikes him in singular contrast with our own changing manners and locomotive speed. A thousand things admonish him that he is in a strange land. He hears the constant sounding of gongs, he observes innumerable boats on the rivers, the dwelling places of millions of Chinese—carts moved on land by sails, as well as boats on the water. If the pilot looks to the compass to direct his course on the deep, he looks to the pointing of the South pole,—if he receives a letter he will find it written in lines running from top to bottom of the sheet, reading from right to left, with the date at the bottom of the letter—no alphabet being used but ideographic characters. The mourning, instead of being black, as with us, is white, with the Chinese—the shoe even is whitened with some substance, to correspond with other portions of the dress. He sees the saucer placed on the cup, instead of the cup on the saucer—shuttlecock played with the feet instead of the hands—ladies' feet compressed, instead of the waists—leave of a book cut open and trimmed on the back—a person swimming strikes his hands vertically and not horizontally—the top of the head shaved—and when a friend meets you in the street, he does not shake your hand, but shakes his hands at you—the infantry armed with matchlocks, the cavalry with the bow and arrow—and a Colonel at the head of his regiment not unfrequently brandishing a pan instead of a sword. He will not only note these exterior forms of difference, but will learn that nobility is not inherited from the father by the son—good deeds reflecting back upon a remote ancestry. Corruption of blood from crimes committed, affects ancestors long since dead and gone, though it does not necessarily affect posterity.

China had for ages cultivated the arts, literature and the sciences. The language of Confucius, the contemporary of Herodotus, is now the vernacular tongue of this great people. The discovery of gunpowder and of the mariner's compass, the manufacture of silks and porcelains, the invention of the printing press, and even the circulation of bank notes, had their day in China, centuries ago. The lecturer did not know of any thing that was not possessed by the Chinese anterior to the history of Europe, except the steam engine.

It has been estimated that China contains a population of 450,000,000 souls, by many this estimate is doubted, but those who doubt concede a population of 250,000,000, deducting ad libitum from the census taken by the Chinese themselves. A slight analysis of the facts of the case will put an end to all speculation. One will see in China a vast multitude of human beings, all active and industrious. A comparison of the territory of China, its climate, its laws, customs and habits of the people, with those of other nations, will convince one that the empire is the seat of a vast population. A portion of China lies on the tropics, where two crops are easily produced every season. No beasts of burden are to be seen in Southern China. All transportation is carried on the canals, or on the backs of men. The boats on the canals are tracked by men—no horses are to be seen, except what are in use for the Tartar cavalry, and but few buffaloes, which are used for ploughing some peculiar soils. These facts prove that the country is capable of supporting a dense population. It is not the case in China as in this country—they have not to produce in one crop sufficient to last them the year round, or to sustain beasts of burden, that consume as much as men of the agricultural products of the country. The land is of one entire cultivated garden, except the large grounds left for the burial of the dead. These facts would leave nothing to deduct from the estimation of the Chinese as to their own population. But there are others. The abstemiousness of the Chinese is one. They eat cats, rats, dogs, &c. There is an immense emigration constantly going forth. In Southern China there are more productive articles of fruit, than in almost any other section of the globe. (We understood Mr. Cushing to say that the banana produces as 133 to 1 of our wheat, and 44 to 1 of our potato.)

The prominent, and it may be said, almost the only principle of government, is the paternal relation—the emperor is called the father of his people, and the idea of the paternal relation runs through all the habits, laws, and customs of the people. It is a fiction notwithstanding, but a beautiful one.

Scholars constitute the first rank of the Empire. After passing the examinations, which are most strict, the most meritorious are appointed to the inferior offices of government employ, destined through good

behavior to rise to the highest in the gift of the government.

In China an official is punished by degrading him from his rank; and a man has to commence anew, eligible again to the highest offices, if he conducts well.

Public opinion is as much regarded in China as in Great Britain or the United States. Newspapers abound, and are read as much as in this country. The Chinese have their reed book, as we have our blue book. Pamphlets, labored arguments are published as with us, and in farther analogy, periodical addresses are made by the sovereign to the people, which, however, inculcate morals as well as politics.

The works of Confucius are read by all, and their influence on the public mind is unbounded. They publish as much, and as cheaply as in the United States; and the people read and write as generally as they do in this country. Their language, which was at first hieroglyphic, has become one of arbitrary signs, but not letters—there is no alphabet, but each separate sign stands for a peculiar idea; there are 80,000 characters in their dictionary, and from this it may be inferred what an immense labor it is to learn their language, and what it is that converts China into one great school. Oral language differs in different provinces, but the written language is the same throughout China. The written language bears the same relation to the oral language of the provinces, as the Arabic numerals do to the various languages of Europe. When persons from different provinces cannot comprehend each other, they resort to writing or making figures in the air. This language giving unity to the people, laws, &c., has done every thing for the stability of the government.

The manners of the Chinese are eminently courteous. Ladies do not mingle in their public assemblies. The lecturer would not pronounce their morals of a higher, or lower standard than those of Europe. He did not believe it the province of a transient visitor so to do. The Chinese estimate the morals of the Europeans at a low rate,—they have learned them from English sailors and soldiers within the past five years. When the Missionaries remonstrate with the Chinese upon sin, they significantly point to the morals of the foreigners. The Chinese are eminently intellectual. The country abounds in books, public libraries, and shops for the sale of books. A catalogue of one of their libraries, comprises 10 volumes. In every dwelling house books are a necessary article of furniture.

The staple food of the Chinese is rice. In the decorations of their tables and furniture of their houses, traces of a high civilization may be found. The luxuries of the table consist of biche de mer, sharks fins and edible bird's nest, the latter the highest cost article of food in China. The food of the Tartar is game, which is roasted and served up whole, while the Chinese is served in small dishes. Their drinks are tea, and a spirit distilled from rice. Many of the drinking vessels now in use in the United States are copied from the Chinese.

Commercially speaking, China is complete in herself. She raises her bread stuff, except some little rice which she imports. She has tea, silks, materials for utensils of iron, and wood, coal, precious metals, &c. Her commerce was changed by the course of the opium trade, which is very prejudicial to China. It would soon, however, have changed by the introduction of cotton, large quantities of which, of the raw kind, she imports from the United States. She also imports the manufactured article from the United States and from Great Britain. The use of machinery is prohibited in China. The trade, whether it goes direct from this country, or from Great Britain, greatly benefits us, as perhaps 6-7ths of British manufactured goods consist of American cotton.

**THE TELEGRAPH.**—The receipts from the use of the telegraph between Baltimore and Washington, are now at the rate of two thousand dollars a year, which pays its expenses. During the session of Congress there will be of course a great increase of income from this source.

**THE DEATH LAMP.**—A person writing from France, mentions the following curious scene which presented itself on his visit to the vaults of the church of St. Denis, in which the French Kings are entombed:—"But the most singular of all other things is a lamp which is kept burning on the coffin of Louis XVIII, and which, it is said, is said to be continued burning until Louis Philippe dies—he being the next King, (if he dies on his throne) to whom the lamp will pass, until his successor dies. Napoleon did not die on the throne, neither did Charles X. consequently Louis XVIII. has not been buried, neither has the lamp ever been allowed to go out. It looks dreary and dark as midnight in that vault, and I involuntarily shuddered as I looked through the iron grating into the chamber of death and viewed the dark pall upon the tomb. The light of the lamp was more like a star flickering through a dark cloud. It was indeed the chamber of death."

The Boston police, according to the papers, have had a man up for biting off another's ear, and bound him over to keep the piece.

**THE TARIFF CONVENTION AT HOLLIDAYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.**—By a letter in Philadelphia North American, we learn that this body met on the 12th instant. The convention appeared to be unanimously in favour of the protective policy, and of letting the tariff of 1842 alone for the present.

This is the same Democratic town at which we saw, in the fall of 1844 during the presidential canvass, the Democratic banner placed in a most conspicuous manner over the great Railroad and Canal route from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia, with the following inscription—"POLK, DALLAS SHUNK AND THE DEMOCRATIC TARIFF OF 1842." We suppose that this convention is assembled at that place, to continue the delusion then practiced upon the industrious but credulous Pennsylvanians, that Polk was a better tariff man than Mr. Clay; and will attempt to prove it by reading Polk's "Kane" letter; by the repeated assertions of the Democratic papers to that effect, and by the farther fact, that Buchanan is his Secretary of State. Well, the delusion will be dispelled before long, and the leaders will have to suffer for if you once fool a man and he finds it out, he is one of the most bitter enemies you have to encounter. Look out for Pennsylvania! In 1848 she will doubtless be found side by side in the Whig ranks with Ohio, Kentucky, Georgia, and other good Whig States.—Vicksburg Whig.

A Brazilian introduction is—"This is my friend; if he steals anything I am accountable for it."

**TEMPER.**—A bad temper, in a woman, poisons all her happiness, blights her youth, brings on premature fretful old age—palls all her enjoyments, banishes her friends, and renders home comfortless and barren. Far different is the ripe, rich harvest home, made bright and happy by the sweet temper and mild deportment of an amiable wife, who if afflictions cross her husband abroad, finds comfort and consolation in his home, is happy in a companion whose temper is like the silver surface of a lake, calm, serene and unruffled. If he is rich, his admiring friends rejoice in his prosperity and delight in his hospitality, because all around him is light, airy and sunshine; if he is poor he breaks his crust in peace and thankfulness for it is not steeped in the water of bitterness. An amiable temper is a jewel of inestimable value in the sum of earthly happiness, because with that alone, the whims of a cross husband may be subdued—many vices may be overcome—the boisterous may be tamed—the unruly conquered—the fretful tranquilized—and the hurricane softened and hushed, at the mild zephyr that sweeps over the honeysuckle under the casement.—Neal's Gaz.

## AT HOME—SWEET HOME.

When burns the fireside brightest  
Cheering the social breast!  
Where beats the fond heart lightest,  
Its humble hopes possessed!  
Where is the hour of sadness?  
With meek-eyed patience borne!  
Worth more than those of gladness,  
Which mirth's gay cheeks adorn?  
Pleasure is marked with fleetness  
To those who ever roam:  
While grief itself has sweetness,  
At home—sweet home!

There blend the ties that strengthen  
Our hearts in hours of grief—  
The silver links that lengthen  
Joy's visits when most brief:  
There, eyes in all their splendor,  
Are vocal to the heart,  
And glances, bright and tender,  
Fresh eloquence impart;  
Then dost thou sigh for pleasure?  
O, do not wildly roam,  
But seek that hidden treasure  
At home—sweet home!

Does pure religion charm thee,  
Far more than aught below?  
Would'st thou that she should arm thee  
Against the hour of woe?  
Her dwelling is not only  
In temples built for prayer,  
For home itself is lonely,  
Unless her smiles be there;  
Wherever we may wander,  
'Tis all in vain we roam,  
If worshipless her altar,  
At home—sweet home!  
[Songs in the Night.]

**TIGHT LACING.**—Cornering a fellow and then giving him a good beating.

**ODD FELLOWS.**—The Odd Fellows in the United States number 100,000 members.

Washington City was visited with a heavy snow storm on the 9th ult. Ditto, our cry on the 29th.

It is said that Charles Freeman, the celebrated American giant, died recently in one of the public hospitals of London.

It's very single-r that several of the unmarried fair sex are anxious to become Odd Fellows. They should rather endeavor to get married and so become even. "One is odd—two are even."